



Poetry.

"GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD."

The light from the purple, vaulted roof,
In a tinted shower fell,
Dropping alike on the scarlet lips
Of peasant girl and belle.
And both from the same sweet volume read,
"Give us this day our daily bread."

One knelt in the crimson velveted pew,
A marvel of exquisite grace,
And her dainty hand, like a flake of snow,
Lay bedded in diamonds and lace;
And she on whom life's rarest dainties had fed,
Now murmured a prayer for her daily bread.

The other knelt with a burdened heart,
In a spirit of humbleness;
And never a flutter of lace or curl,
Adorned her poverty dress;
And I knew from hungry lips she said:
"Give us this day our daily bread."

High and low in the scented air,
The notes of the organ swung,
And I closed my eyes and thought it a strain,
From a heavenly harp-string rung;
And the throng passed out with a haughty tread,
And they were SURE of their daily bread.

The one went out from the holy place,
As if wearing a queenly crown;
The other walked with a reverent face,
Her meek eyes looking down;
And her heart still full of prayer she had said,
"Give us this day our daily bread."

One went to quaff from a golden bowl,
The rosiest, costliest wine;
And to feast from a dainty Sevres dish,
On fruits and deserts fine;
The OTHER crept that night to her bed,
HUNGRY for want of her daily bread.

Selected.

Frank Dennison's Turns.

"Molly," said Dan McElroy to his young wife, "I have been sent for to sit up with Frank Dennison to-night. He has one of his turns, so let me have a hearty supper, like a good little woman, and I will be home to an early breakfast."

Molly answered, "All right, Dan," and she lost no time in preparing that supper.

Dan was surprised. The last time he had sat up with his friend he had come home with a splitting headache, and his wife had declared that he should not go again—the next time Frank might call on some of his other friends. When he made this announcement he expected to see her chin in the air, and to hear her little heels clattering over the floor, for the "gray mare" was a high stepper when excited. But nothing of the kind occurred, and he sat down to the table well satisfied that things were going on so smoothly.

Frank Dennison was a jovial bachelor, who lived about two miles from the village. He was a general favorite; but when it was known he had a billiard table in the garret, and smoking and card playing, the women objected so stoutly to their husbands attending his suppers that, on the principal of "anything for a quiet life," they remained at home.

As I said, he was a general favorite, and when he was taken suddenly ill, his turns excited for him a great deal of sympathy.

All his friends offered to sit up with him. Their wives volunteered advice to the old colored woman who was his cook and housekeeper; it stood to reason that he would rather have one of his own color to keep him company, and to—"nuss him."

The doctor was very attentive and never grumbled, though he was frequently summoned about bedtime to grapple with one of these attacks. Before leaving early in the morning he invariably prescribed, "Indian meal gruel, not too strong of the corn," and Romeo grinned from ear to ear as he replied each time, "Jes' so, doctor, 'zactly, sah."

But the jovial Dr. McElroy did not make as hearty a supper as usual, though his wife pressed the different viands upon him. He assured her he would make it up at the next meal, and named something tempting for breakfast. She accom-

panied him to the gate, and told him he should never go again, and that she expected to see him home early.

"You may reckon on my being at home in time for breakfast at 7 o'clock sharp," he replied; "but Molly, what is the flag flying for?"

"I thought it needed freshening like myself," she answered. "Take good care of yourself, steal a nap if you can, and remember that this is your last night of watching up to that house."

As soon as her husband was out of sight Molly went up to her own room. First she took a handsome lavender silk out of the press and laid it upon the bed; then a delicate lace collar with rose-colored ribbons, was laid beside it, with a pair of white kid gloves. Then she went to the kitchen and told Cynthia that she was going out to spend the evening, and expected some ladies to call for her.

While she is making her toilet, we will discover the secret of her amiability.

She had had her suspicions for some time, and when Romeo came to her house on an errand, a few days previous, she determined to satisfy her doubts. So she called him into the parlor and told him she was going to give him a new sensation.

He stood twirling his hat in his hands and wondering what she meant; but he replied:

"Jes' so, missus; that's what I've been wanting some time."

She opened her case of homoeopathic medicine and took out a little bottle and poured some of the contents into her hand.

"Do you see these little sugar-plums, Romeo," she asked.

"Yes, missus," he replied, "an' dat's jes' about all I can do. Ef they was a speck smaller they would be nowhars."

She put two or three into her mouth, and bade him hold out his hand for the remainder.

He put them into his mouth, and his good-natured face wore a puzzled expression. "What's this you said you was gwine to gib me, missus?"

"A new sensation, Romeo."

"Oh, yes, 'zactly, I see now, missus. When will it be along, for I must be gwine."

"In a few moments now, Romeo—and I want you to understand before it comes that I am your friend, and the only person who can save you; and unless you speak the honest truth, you are doomed; and, as a proof that I have the power to annihilate you, I command that you be seized with a racking headache."

Romeo passed his hand over his brow.

"I've nebar had a headache in my life, missus; I dunno what he's like."

"The knowledge will soon come to you," replied Molly, in a solemn tone.

Suddenly she noticed his expression change, and his eyes were fixed in horror upon something her sailor brother had brought with him from the African coast. She remembered now that he had told her that their conjurers used it in their incantations; and she saw by the fear depicted in Romeo's face that she had here a powerful ally.

She took it in her hand, and advanced towards him, when he dropped upon his knees in abject terror, exclaiming, "Oh Lord, missus, come no nigher! come no nigher!"

"I am not going to hurt you," she said, "all will be well if you only tell me the truth; if you do not, you see I have the power to compel it."

"Yes, missus, I see it—leastways, if I hab de power to see anything; for I've gone dark, and somefin is knocking in my head as ef it wanted to get out. Oh, oh! I've dying now, shuah!" And he fell in a heap upon the floor.

Molly uttered some gibberish over him, and then said:

"In five minutes you will feel better, Romeo, and I will talk to you; but you must remember that I have power to compel the truth, so, for your own sake, do not try to deceive me."

"No, missus; I've jes gwine for to 'fess de whole trouble, ef you'll only stop dis knockin' in my head afore I go crazy."

"Begin now, and tell me all about these 'turns,'" said Molly, "and as you tell me the truth, the knocking will stop."

"Is that so, missus?" And Romeo straightened himself up and began: "You see, you ladies would not let your gen'lemen come to my massa's suppers; and felt bound to hab 'em, so he hit on this 'spedient and the doctor lent himself to it, and they were all mighty jolly. You see, two gemel'men would be sent for to watch along of him; and Mr. Hopkins would be summoned on jury duty in the next town, and hab to be there the night afore for the case would be called early in de morning, and Lawyer Downing would hab mighty urgent law business in de city, or somefin' of dat 'scription and it all worked to satisfaction."

And poor Romeo passed his hand over his forehead and scalp, and appeared to be assuring himself that his head was properly placed upon his shoulders.

"Very well," said Molly. "And when is the next attack expected, Romeo?"

"I dunno, missus. Massa has not had any symptoms yet. Can't say when he may be took; perhaps sud'enly."

"What are the symptoms?"

"Provisions, missus, and a basket of champagne, and sech like."

"Ah, I see," replied Molly. "As soon as you see any symptoms you are to let me know. If you fail to do so, you will be seized by violent pains—much more violent than those you have just experienced; and as I will not be near for you to confess to me, and the pains will increase in violence if you tell any one else, there will be no hope for you. Now, I will give you something to make your head feel better, and if you are deceiving me and keeping anything back, you will find out before you get to the turn of the road that this has told me all about it."

And she laid her hand upon her brother's gift.

"Yes, missus—sartin shuah I 'fessed all I had to say; and I won't disremember to let you know, missus."

And Romeo put the tiny sugar plums in his mouth, and shuffled out of the house mentally determining never to set foot in it again.

Molly watched him as he passed through the gate at a swinging pace, and on toward the turn of the road. Suddenly he came to a standstill, seizing his head with both hands, and uttering a yell which startled the grazing cattle in the meadow, he sprang over the fence and made a bee-line for the house.

Cynthia heard it, and saw him coming. She rushed to the kitchen door and secured it, screaming to her mistress:

"Lock up the house, Mrs. McElroy, for your life; that nigger of Dennison's has gone crazy, and is coming straight here!"

"I don't think he will hurt us," replied Molly; probably he has forgotten something."

"I'll not risk it, ma'am. For the love of heaven, don't open the door! Just look at his eyes; he looks more like a mad bull than a human creature."

And as her mistress put her hand on the lock, Cynthia rushed upstairs and secured herself in an upper room.

"Come inside out of the sun, Romeo," said Molly, as she opened the door.

"Why did you make it so hard for yourself? It was just telling me about you."

Romeo looked up, and, as his eyes fell on what she held in her hand, he gave a bowl which curdled Cynthia's blood, in the upper room, and sent her on her knees in mortal terror.

"Begin, Romeo," said Molly; "tell me the whole truth, and the pain will leave you."

"Yes, missus, yes. I jes' got ders by de meadow when I done remembered dat massa would be took Friday night, missus, and I came back to say so, missus, and I 'clare to mercy I'll never keep anything back any more."

"Molly dropped some medicine into a tumbler of water.

"Drink this, Romeo," said she; "and then I will tell you what you are to do."

"Bress you, missus! and stop de knocking, or my head will pop, shuah."

"It will stop by degrees, as I am talking to you, and as you answer truthfully," replied Molly. "When does your master sit down to supper?"

"Jes' as de clock goes 10 Missus."

"Very well. I will be at the house ten minutes before ten. You are to be watching for me at your pastry window, and to admit me quietly. I will give you something for the dog, which you are to see that he takes at half-past nine. It will not kill him—only make him sleepy. Is your head better?"

"Yes, missus. Tank de Lord!"

"I shall be very sorry for you if you have a return of the pain for the third time—it will be very severe; but if you do exactly as I tell you, it will not return. Only remember, if you ever speak of this to any one, I would not give a button for your life."

"You can count on me, missus—'deed you can. This darkey will neber 'varicate any more; leastways, not to you, missus."

And Romeo shuffled off again, and Cynthia descended from her voluntary imprisonment to learn that the poor fellow was only suffering from a bad pain in the head, and had come back to see if Mrs. McElroy could not give him something to relieve it.

That afternoon Molly spent in making calls. Her spirits seemed to rise with every visit, and as she shook hands at the door with her friends, the parting injunction to each was, "Look out for the flag!"

There it was now waving over her head, and she knew while she made her toilet that her fine friends were occupied in the same way, and her heart was very light, and over-flowed in merry snatches of song, as she thought of the tableaux she was preparing for the lords of creation.

Not so, poor Romeo. His heart was proportionately heavy, and Dinah's curiosity was aroused and patience worn out. At last she went to her master with the intelligence that "if that boy was not seen to, he would be of no account at all to wait on the table in the evening, and that she suspected he had been drinking, or had had confusion sent in his mind somehow or another, she couldn't say how."

So Romeo was summoned to his master's presence, and went with teeth chattering and knees knocking together like castanets.

"Why, the poor fellow is ill, Dinah," said his master; "he has a chill on him now. Go to bed, my man, and I will send you a strong toddy. I dare say you will be all right this evening."

"Yes, sah; I s'pects I will ef my head don't pop, and I keeps myself quiet."

So Romeo went off to lie down, and Dinah, who had her own ideas upon the subject, quietly tossed off the toddy prepared by her master, and mixed another for Romeo out of a little bottle which she kept for emergencies, excusing herself by saying, "Ef he's sick it's a pity to throw away good liquor on him; an' ef he's well, it'll serve him right for playing 'possum."

Meanwhile, the evening wore on, and precisely at nine o'clock, Squire Hopkins' carryall stopped at Mrs. McElroy's door, and in a few minutes, a merry party were on their way to Mr. Dennison's mansion.

Molly explained her plan of attack, which was approved of, and she was unanimously elected leader of the whole party.

Fortunately, there was no moon. The ladies left the carriage at the gate, and told the man to wait there twenty minutes and then drive to the stable. The shutters were closed, but a light could be detected in the billiard room. Molly led the way to the pantry-window where Romeo was awaiting her. In a tremulous voice, he whispered:

"Is dat you, missus? and is all dese yer you, too?"

"No, Romeo. These are the wives of the gentlemen who sup here to-night. Open the door, and I will explain what you are to do."

So they stole softly into the house, Molly leading the way to the butler's pantry, where, through the glass door, they could see the position of each one when seated at the table.

"We must be careful not to let our dresses rattle," whispered Molly.

"Humph!" said the doctor's wife, as she saw one delicacy after another deposited upon the table by Romeo's trembling hands, "if I had known as much as I do now, I should not have worried myself about coaxing the doctor's appetite after the fatiguing nights he has spent up here."

Poor Mrs. Ransom said nothing; but her thoughts went back to the night when little Arthur was born, and she was left to the care of the doctor's assistant, as Mr. Dennison was in such a critical state that the doctor couldn't possibly leave him.

"They are coming!" whispered Molly. And in they came, bright and joyous, all unconscious of the surprise which was awaiting them.

"Well, Romeo, my boy," said the doctor, "how goes it? Your master tells me you had a bad turn to-day."

"Yes, sah, I believe I had. I never wants to 'perience anoder."

They took their seats at the table laughing and talking.

"Now for the regulation toast," said Mr. Dennison, as he passed around a decanter.

Glasses were filled, and "Our absent wives," was drank standing,—which the present wives enjoyed very much, of course.

Romeo stepped into the hall, turned off the gas, and returned unnoticed.

"Get ready!" whispered Molly.

"Why, thunder and Mars, what are you about, boy?" roared Mr. Dennison, as the party were left in total darkness.

"Excuse me, gen'lemen," stammered Romeo. It was a mistake. I light him in one second—hab matches right here in my pocket;" and he began to scrape the wrong end of a match upon the carpet, as Molly had directed.

"Are you going to keep us in the dark all night, sir?" roared his master.

"No, massa, no, gen'lemen, I hab him now," and as the blue flame of the match arose to the chandelier, all eyes followed it, and the illumination which followed, disclosed that each man's wife stood behind his chair.

They sat staring like so many petrified fawns.

"Mr. Dennison, and gentlemen," said Molly, "allow me to introduce myself—Doctor Molly McElroy and her medical staff. As this is such an obstinate case, I propose to change the practice altogether—it will yield readily, and my first prescription is—a wife."

"Thras cheers for Doctor McElroy," exclaimed the host.

They were given with hearty good will.

"Our present wives," said Dan, as he glanced deprecatingly at Molly's face.

It was drunk with all the honors.

And now the ladies were seated, and the host was calling upon Romeo to make the necessary additions to the table; but no Romeo appeared, for that demented

Continued on fourth page

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ARLINGTON, JAN. 25, 1873.

We do not read anonymous letters and communications. The name and address of the writer are in all cases indispensable, as a guaranty of good faith. We cannot undertake to return or preserve communications that are not used.

PICK-TURESQUE.—We notice Friend Litchfield, who has been under the weather a little is picking up.

TELEGRAPH.—Direct communication has been effected with the Boston office, so that the former direction to telegraph "via N. Cambridge," is now void.

POLICE.—A neighborly quarrel between Mrs. Wright and Pierce, about some disputed household property, resulted in a slap on the face, and Mrs. Pierce paying a fine of \$2 and costs.

ASSEMBLIES.—Mr. G. H. Gardner announces in our columns a course of assemblies to which he invites the public. Mr. G. is a gentleman of experience and will give good parties.

SMALL-POX.—Another case of small-pox has occurred, the victim being a servant girl in Judge Parmenter's family. She was removed to the hospital on Tuesday, and a nurse having been provided, she is as comfortable as can be expected.

RUNAWAY.—John P. Squires' horse had quite a long run on Monday, going up High street and several other high streets, turning and coming down all right, taking the sidewalk quite regular, and reaching home without damage of any kind.

HOUSE WARMING.—Wednesday evening of this week a few intimate friends of Mr. George P. Winn, gathered at his new residence corner of Summer and Mystic streets, and spent a few hours in a social manner. Short and jolly speeches and an excellent supper made the programme.

ACCIDENT.—Robert McAulley, formerly in the employ of Mr. Frost of Belmont, while engaged in getting in ice at Spy Pond on Wednesday, the 22d inst., was caught between two cakes of ice, causing a very bad fracture of the bones of the leg. He was conveyed to the Mass. General Hospital, and it is feared that amputation will be necessary.

Rumor says, "There is some little prospect that an extensive tanning establishment will be commenced in Arlington, near the Prentiss Place, near the river, the coming spring." We hope this is not a mere rumor; every encouragement should be given to enterprising mechanics as well as men of means to locate in our town. We need them.

STATISTICS.—The Town Clerk has kindly furnished us the following:

Whole number of Births	101
Males	49
Females	52
American Parentage	28
Foreign Parentage	65
Mixed Parentage	8
Marriages registered,	45
Whole number of Deaths	66
Males	37
Females	29
Age of eldest, 87 years, 5 months, 21 days.	
Average age, 25 years, 1 month, 21 days.	

RUSSELL SCHOOL HOUSE.—The new brick school house under the charge of Mr. Bacon is rapidly going up, and the prospect now is that we shall soon have an elegant and commodious house every way adapted to the wants of the inhabitants residing in that section of the town. The policy of the inhabitants has been thus far, we are happy to say, liberal, and the wish of all seems to be to carry out such a school system as shall give encouragement not only to persons residing in town to foster and sustain the efforts of the School Committee, but also to hold out encouragement to others looking for a permanent residence to make our pleasant town their home.

FIRE.—On Saturday evening last, the barn of Jeremiah Russell was burned. It is not known how it caught fire, although occurring as it did simultaneously with the lightning, which created so much surprise, there were some who attributed it to that cause. The fire department rallied and attached hose to the nearest hydrant, but the water would not come. It appears that the Medford street water gate is broken, and that while water for domestic purposes can pass through, not enough for a fire stream can be obtained. After a while a stream was taken from a Medford hydrant, through 1200 feet of hose. The Medford steamer came over, and did good service, and old Eureka arrived late but played a good stream. The barn was connected with the house, but the latter was saved. The barn contained a large number of fowls and poultry ready for market.

VINE BROOK.—Senator Potter, of Middlesex, has offered the following in regard to allowing the town of Arlington to take water from Vine Brook:

SECT. 1. The town of Arlington is hereby authorized to take, hold and control the waters of Vine Brook in the town of Lexington, so far as to convey the same from a point on said brook on land of B. F. Hayes, into the Lexington great meadows, in such manner as that said waters may be used in connection with other water rights held by said town of Arlington by the purchase of the franchise and property of the Arlington Lake Water Company, for the purpose of furnishing a supply of pure water for said town. Also, to take and hold by purchase or otherwise, any land on or near said brook necessary for the conducting and conveying the waters of the same into said meadows; provided, however, that this act shall not be so construed as to prevent the inhabitants of Lexington from using so much of the water hereby granted, as shall be necessary for extinguishing fires, and for all ordinary domestic purposes, under such regulations of the water board of Arlington as may be essential for the preservation of the purity of the same.

SECT. 2. The said town of Arlington, however, shall not take water from Vine Brook as aforesaid, at any time when water is flowing over the waste weir of the storing reservoir of said town of Arlington, located on the aforesaid Lexington great meadows.

SECT. 3. The said town of Arlington shall be liable to all damages that shall be sustained by any persons in their property, by the taking of any land, water, or water rights, in the interfering with or controlling the waters of said Vine Brook, and conducting and conveying them as aforesaid. Said damages may be recovered by proceedings conducted in the same manner as is provided by law with respect to damages for land taken for highways.

SECT. 4. This act shall take effect upon its passage.

There will be a hearing on the above bill, before the Committee on Water Supply and Drainage, at 11 A. M., next Tuesday, Jan. 28, in Room No. 4 at the State House.

Winchester.

EPISCOPAL SERVICES.—The services of the Episcopal Society have been suspended for the present.

NEW ORGAN.—The organ built by the Messrs. Hooks has been put into the Unitarian Church this week, and will be used to-morrow (Sunday) morning.

REMONSTRANCE.—The remonstrance against any change of town lines now existing between our town and Woburn, which was referred to in last week's paper, was signed by J. F. Stone and 355 other legal voters, and presented in the House of Representatives on Tuesday last. Another petition of similar import is receiving additional names.

SLOUGH OF DESPOND.—The Main street at the foot of Madison avenue may be appropriately termed the "Slough of Despond," and the travelling through it is not agreeable to man or beast.

The parishoners of Rev. E. C. Bissell, Winchester, made him a friendly call on Friday evening, Jan. 17th, and, in addition to valuable tokens of esteem, of other kinds, presented him with a considerable sum of money.

SLIGHT FIRE.—Last Wednesday evening while the dancing school was in progress in Lyceum Hall, smoke was discovered issuing from one of the registers in the Hall, causing an alarm of fire and great confusion for awhile. The steam fire engine and chemical engine were promptly on the spot, and the fire was quickly put out by the chemical, without doing any damage to the hall, except to the woodwork near the furnace which was slightly burnt. Dr. Brown's stock was injured by the water, but his loss will not exceed \$200.

Lexington.

LECTURE COURSE.—Barnabee's entertainment on Thursday, was one of those delightful bits of melange, which H. C. knows so well how to offer. He commences with a rhymed prologue, touching humorously all classes of society. After describing an old-fashioned quilting party and likening life to the composition of a quilt, he gave his hearers the following "Patchwork of Song and Story": A sentimental song, "Oh, loving heart, trust on," followed by "Simon, the Cellarer," two recitations—"Parrhasius," and "Darius Green and his flying machine," a dramatic song, "The King and the Miller," and a song for the unbelievers in the doctrine of Perpetual Motion, entitled "The Cork Leg;" "Lost Heir," by Hood, describing the sorrows of an Irish woman who had lost her child; the plea of Sergeant Buz-fuz in "Bardell's Pickwick;" a song, "Mrs. Watkins' Evening Party;" and the speech of Ethan Spike of Hornville, Me., on the annexation of Cuba. These were woven upon a thread of rhyme, and delivered in Mr. Barnabee's inimitable manner. Miss Annie P. Clark officiated as accompanist. The hall was filled, and the audience was convulsed with laughter from beginning to end. Mr. A. E. Scott introduced the artists, and stated that "Mrs. Partington" was to have lectured next Thursday evening, but would be unable to appear, as the following letter from the old lady proved:

CHELSEA, JAN. 20, 1873.

MR. A. E. WHITE, —Dear Sir:—I am suddenly and painfully seized with the rheumatism that promises, like a Ledger story "to be continued," therefore I am reluctantly compelled to withdraw my promise to be with you on the 30th inst. I trust that some better, wiser and healthier man will be found to take the place of

Yours afflictedly,

B. P. SHILLABER.

He announced in her stead, a lecture by Mrs. W. A. Benton, upon "Scenes in Syria and Palestine."

DR. HILL.—A correspondent dissents from the view taken of Dr. Hill's lecture in our report last week. We cheerfully give room for it, and wish that more of the citizens would be moved to discuss matters of public interest through these columns. The writer says:

DEAR SIR:—I regret exceedingly that you should allow such a notice of Rev. Dr. Hill's lecture, given to our citizens on the 9th inst., to appear in your paper of 19th inst. We ask gentlemen of established reputations to come here and give us lectures; to instruct, improve and profit our community, and to enable us to fill the vacant niches in our Memorial Hall. If the Lecture Committee are at fault in their selection of speakers, if they have so far mistaken the genius, tastes and intelligence of the people, as to invite here those unsuitable to appear before us, should we not call such Committee to account, individually or collectively when we choose our next Lecture Committee, rather than publicly carp at the best efforts of our best men? Besides, I dissent entirely from your assumption that the people of Lexington cannot be interested in "scientific problems, dusty theories, constitutional history, or geographical explorations." Have not the geographical explorations of Drs. Kane and Hayes electrified our whole country, and awakened an interest in almost every lyceum? And are the explorations of Agassiz and Hill to fall still born? Believe it not. Those whom I have heard express an opinion of Dr. Hill's lecture have nearly all assured me they listened to it with the liveliest interest; You say "people desire amusement." If Lexington is capable of appreciating only "amusement,"—cheap theatricals, magic lanterns, ventriloquism, harlequins, negro minstrels, &c., let us not trumpet it abroad, but rather confidentially whisper it to each other, and say, "O, hush!" to any one who would lisp it audibly.

PRIZE SPEAKING.—The pupils of the High School have in course of preparation an entertainment which will please everyone and fill the Town House on Monday evening, Feb. 3rd. It is proposed to have a Prize Declamation and seventeen pupils of the High School will contest. Mr. A. E. Scott of the School Committee, has offered two prizes, viz: Worcester's Unabridged Dictionary, and Prescott's Philip II 3 vols. The judges are to be Mr. L. L. Dame, Master of the Stoneham High School, Rev. Mr. Cutter of Arlington, and Mr. Jas. E. Parker, Master of the Allston Grammar School. Mr. A. E. Scott has been requested to

make the presentation address. The pupils are making strenuous efforts to render the affair a pleasing one, and we have no doubt but what it will prove so. Mr. A. E. White is making a specialty of the study of elocution, and we hope this branch, usually neglected in country schools, may receive an impetus at his hands. Fill the house and encourage the teachers and scholars in their undertaking.

Correspondence.

MR. EDITOR:—I must tell you of a trip a few of us took a few nights ago. Thursday evening, Jan. 16th, the Lexington Brass Band with some friends engaged Mr. W. Walcott's large sleigh and paid a visit to the neighboring town of Bedford for the purpose of giving Mr. W. A. Lane the auctioneer, well known to all your readers, a serenade. After a fine ride we arrived at William's residence where we found "mine host" and his lady ready to receive us. The trip was a pleasant one in all its features. A social evening was spent in jolly conversation, interspersed with music. Friend Lane furnished an excellent supper and bid us all fall to, which of course we did. (By the way, William's bids are always obeyed.) Upon our way home Mr. Stetson of the Bedford House threw open his doors and gave us an example of his hospitality. Everybody was delighted with the trip and determined to go again when William gets that new house built.

Yours,

G. R. R.

The parties who came from Boston to bury Mr. Winship, were hired by the neighbors to take the bedding and burn it. They placed the bed and clothing in their team, and after driving through the Main street of the town at mid-day, deposited it on Woburn street, near the house of Hugh Graham and within a few feet of the travelled road, where they set it on fire and left it. The fire went out shortly after without consuming the articles, and this pile of infected material lay there endangering the lives of every passer, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, when it was again fired by order of the town officers. The men who undertook the job came from Peak's establishment in Boston.

ILLNESS.—Mr. R. D. Blinn was prostrated with an attack of bilious colic upon Saturday evening last. He had conducted his train as usual to Boston from Lexington at 6.25. The attack was sudden and severe and for a time threatened serious results. Mr. Blinn was brought home in the 10 P. M. train, attended by a Boston physician. We are happy to state that he has so far recovered as to be out again.

NEW BUILDING.—Ground was broken Monday morning for the foundation of a new building upon the land lately purchased by Mr. L. B. Norris of Messrs. Winslow & Usher. Messrs. Wood Bros. of Bedford, carriage manufacturers, lease, we understand, a portion of the lot situated upon the same, bordering upon the line of the extension. They are putting up a building 50x30, which will be occupied by them for the carrying-on of their business.

SOCIAL.—The inhabitants of the southern part of the town believe in a little enjoyment now and then. The schoolhouse has been finished in the lower unused rooms with funds contributed by the people in the neighborhood, and there they assemble each week or two and spend a few hours in dancing. One of these occasions came off last week Wednesday evening, and Rowe's band furnished the music.

ACCIDENTS.—Charlie Fowle, son of C. A. Fowle, broke his thigh while coasting Monday morning, near his grandfather's house on Hancock street.

While Mrs. Chas. Robinson was driving in Concord on Wednesday, the horse became frightened and ran away, throwing Mrs. R. out and breaking her arm.

We see that it is recommended in Boston that the books in the Public Library be fumigated. Why is not the suggestion a good one for us and every town? We should suppose that no person would take books out in the present condition of the public health. And would it not be a good plan to fumigate the books and library room?

DANCE.—The friends of those mysterious Y. M. S. C.'s kept up the merry dance until 1 o'clock Wednesday morning, and the reason was that "Allen" drew the bow. It was a nice party.

West Medford.

BUILDING.—A new building is being erected on the Main street near the depot which will be 40x50 feet. It will be occupied by a grocery and provision store.

MY SUMMER IN A GARDEN. James R. Osgood & Co., publishers.

H. W. Beecher says, "Every book which interprets the secret lore of the fields and gardens, every essay which brings men nearer to the understanding of the mysteries which every tree whispers, every brook murmurs, every weed, even, hints, is a contribution to the wealth and happiness of our kind." The author of this little quaint "Summer in a Garden" is indeed a benefactor of everyone who reads his weekly cogitations. He is a philosopher of the keenest perceptions, both of the practical and moral, and no one can follow him through his nineteen weeks of observations and gardening pleasures and trials, without duly appreciating his satirical, good-natured hints, his clear, terse, moral observations upon men and things. We like the entire book; but cannot recommend a better antidote for the "blues," than the reading of the thirteenth chapter, the history of "My Neighbor's Cow," which is worth the price of the book. It should be read by every one, especially by those who would know what country experience in one's own garden of one or five acres may be. Get it, read it, and then give us the results of your own summer experience for a like term of time.

BROOKLYN SOCIETY.—This is a very elegant, high-toned publication, and is well filled with choice gems of literature. The December number contains fine, elegant illustrations, original papers, and a large variety of very interesting literary miscellany, talk upon society, &c. The full-page illustration of "The First Steamboat upon the Orinoco," is equal in execution and finish to any one of those found in the *Aldine*. This picture represents the steamboat in the distance, as first seen by a crowd of Indians in the foreground, whose gestures and astonishment at what they suppose to be a monster, is admirably depicted by the artist. The price of this magazine is 15 cents per mo. or \$1.50 per year. Publication Office 307 Washington St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Married

In North Cambridge, Jan. 5th, by Rev. Jos. M. Froot, Peter Beardon Jr., of Arlington, and Margaret McAulley of Malden; Jan. 12th, in Cambridge, Richard H. Welch and Annie Kelley both of Arlington; Patrick Deacon and Grace Travis, both of A.; Jan. 18th, in Arlington, James J. DeCoursey and Elizabeth Mackey, both of A.; In South Boston, Jan. 8th, by Rev. Jas. Sullivan of S. B., Walter Crosby of Arlington, and Jessie Benton Smith, of Boston.

In Arlington, Jan. 16th, by Rev. Geo. W. Cutler, Melvott A. Hobbs and George A. Russell, all of A.

In Cambridge, Jan. 16th, by Rev. Wm. B. Ames of C., Rishon T. Bailey of Arlington, and Carrie J. Muller, of C.

In Lexington, Jan. 21st, by Rev. Henry Westcott, Mr. George H. Jackson to Miss Flora E., daughter of Otis Wentworth, Esq., all of Lexington.

Died.

Date, name and age inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In Arlington, Jan. 22d, Lydia C., wife of Addison Hill, aged 46 years, 5 months.

In Lexington, Jan. 16th, Geo. Winship, aged 21 years, 20 days.

In East Boston, Jan. 11th, Mrs. Annie P. Scarborough, formerly of Winchester, aged 26.

In Winchester, Jan. 17, Abijah W., son of K. W. and Eliza A. Baker, aged 20 years, 6 mos.

In Woburn, Jan. 18, John W. Bell, son of the late James D. Bell, aged 12 years, 3 mos., 27 days.

In Woburn, Jan. 20, Franklin Smith, aged 66 yrs., 6 mos.

In Woburn, Jan. 20, Catherine, wife of Barnard Doherty, aged 80.

In Woburn, Jan. 22, Elizabeth, daughter of Wm. O'Brien, aged 3 years, 2 mos., 19 days.

Special Notices.

Arlington Five Cents Savings Bank.

Interest allowed on deposits at the rate of six per cent. per annum, made up and added to the principal, on the first Saturday in January and July. Deposits put on interest the first Saturday in each month. Bank open Saturday afternoon and evening.

WILLIAM PROCTOR, Treas.

ALBERT WINN, President.

February 10, 1873.

ARLINGTON POST-OFFICE.

Mail arrives at 7.30 A. M., and 4.30 P. M.

Mail closes at 9 A. M., and 4 P. M.

LEXINGTON POST-OFFICE.

Mail arrives at 7.30 A. M., and 4.30 P. M.

Mail closes at 9.00 A. M., and 4 P. M.

Arlington Assemblies.

Mr. G. H. Gardner will give a Select Assembly in connection with his Dancing School, every Thursday evening, in the Town Hall, tickets \$1.00. Good music in attendance. The right to reject any application is reserved in order that the Assembly may be select.



TO
THE PUBLIC

MRS. DR. SECOR'S MEDICINES.

Will be found a sure cure for any of the diseases for which they are put forth. Look at the names of the reference—they are the names of some of our most reliable citizens, who have known her and her treatment for a number of years, and who willingly and cheerfully recommend her and her medicines to all needing them. And if this is not sufficient to convince the most skeptical, you can call at her office, 159 Warren Avenue, Boston, where sufficient testimonials will be shown from living witnesses, who will feel happy to speak of her in the highest terms as a thoroughly educated and skilful physician. Her very extensive and successful practice of over 25 years has given her a wide field of experience in the treatment of those diseases she compounds her medicines for.

Her **ALTERATIVE** will be found a sure cure for Scrofula in its worst form, Glandular Swellings, Salt Rheum, Old or Indolent Ulcers, Syphilis, Cancerous Collections, Tumors, Sore Eyes, Nodes, Itch, Scald Head, Discharges from Ears, Ring Worms, and all Eruptions of the Skin, Moth, Blotches, Pimples, Flesh Worms, Discolorations, etc. Ladies who wish a clear and beautiful complexion, will find it just the preparation they need. If any gentleman has been subjected to the use of mercury for fever, etc., the Alterative will be found invaluable in cleansing and purifying the system.

Her **CINCHONA BITTERS** is a sure cure for Dyspepsia.

Her **NERVOUS, NEURALGIA and ASTHMA PILLS** are excellent for all persons afflicted with Neuralgia, Colic, Delirium Tremens, etc.,

Her **CATHARTIC PILLS** are purely Vegetable. Rheumatism can be cured by using her celebrated LINIMENT.

Her **CHOLERA SPECIFIC** is a remedy for Cramps and Spasms, Asiatic Cholera, Diarrhoea, etc.

Her **SALVE** for Old Sores, Burns, Scalds, etc. A printed circular accompanies each, with full directions for use, food, treatment, etc.

Sold by all respectable Druggists. Any person wishing to consult MRS. DR. SECOR before beginning to use her medicines, can do so by addressing or calling at her office, No. 159 WARREN AVENUE, from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M.

Mrs. Dr. Secor introduces, by permission, the following references—gentlemen whose character and position in society entitle them to the highest confidence—

REFERENCE.—Samuel Barnham, editor of the *Congregationalist*; M. R. Humphreys, L. L. D., M. D., B. E. Gilbert, Esq., Benjamin Cushing Esq., F. C. Humphreys, Esq., Nathaniel Crowell Esq., Dr. Thresher, Arthur Cheney Esq., B. W. Gilbert, Esq., Samuel Caverly, Esq., Lewis Rice, Esq., American House, of Boston; John Livermore Esq., Cambridgeport, Mass.; Prof. A. A. Stewart, Cambridge, Mass.; Prof. John G. Anthony, Cambridge, Mass.; C. F. Whitney, Esq., Milford, N. H.; E. Richardson, Esq., Clinton, Mass.; Wilson Morse, Esq., Clinton, Mass.

159 Warren Avenue, Boston, Mass.

The Congregationalist

opens the new year with articles from some of the most eminent writers in the country. In the first number Rev. W. H. H. MURRAY furnishes the first of twelve articles from his pen. It is entitled "A Free Pulpit a Pulpit of Power." In the Sabbath School column Dr. Todd has comments every week on the Uniform Lessons, and thousands will regard these alone as worth the cost of the paper. Mrs. J. D. CHAPLIN, who interests alike all classes of readers, will furnish one of her popular sketches every month. A series of twelve articles from as many of the most distinguished clergymen in England, such as DEAN STANLEY and DR. BISHOP, will be commenced next week. REV. HORACE JAMES furnishes letters from abroad once in two weeks. An attractive Agricultural column, edited by JAMES F. C. HYDE. Besides our usual Children's Department we publish this year one or more articles every week in large type for the youngest. Our Washington letter every week, though only a column long is read with great interest and comes to seem like a familiar talk about events at the Capital. If you wish to know what is going on at the East, in New York, in the interior or at the West, take the *Congregationalist*. Our news department, both secular and religious and the literary page of the *Congregationalist*, are more full and complete than those of any other religious paper, and we aim to make the most interesting attractive and valuable of religious journals for the family.

Every new subscriber gets a beautiful chromo and frame worth \$5 at least. Send for a specimen number. Forty columns of reading matter a week. Price \$3 a year. Sent to clergymen of any denomination, without chromo, \$2.

W. L. GREENE & CO.,
15 Cornhill, Boston.

NORTH END SAVINGS BANK,

No. 80 UNION STREET,
BOSTON.

This bank has never paid less than six per cent per annum, free of tax to its depositors. All deposits made on or before the first day of any month are then placed upon interest and share in the next dividend.

Dividends as soon as declared are at once added to the accounts of depositors and at once begin to earn interest thus giving COMPOUND INTEREST.

ROBERT MARSH, President. GEO. C. TRUMBULL, Treasurer.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.
Clifton Viles, Thomas L. Jenks,
Harvey Carpenter, Daniel H. Whitney,
William Robinson, George S. Derby.

Wm. L. CLARK & CO.

CARRIAGE PAINTERS, TRIMMERS,

AND
HARNESS MANUFACTURERS.

A good Assortment of Blankets, Halters, Saddlebags, Whips, Cards, Combs, Brushes.

ARLINGTON, MASS.
Repairing promptly and neatly executed.

Christmas

AND

New Year's

PRESENTS

AT

DODGE'S

JEWELRY STORE

142

Main Street

Cor. RAILROAD STREET,

WOBURN.

All Goods
at the lowest
Cash Prices.

The Finest
Assortment
ever offered.

Arlington and Lexington, Attention.



Bread, Cake, AND Fancy Crackers
IN FULL ASSORTMENT.
Hot Bread every day at 4 P. M. Fresh Morning Bread. Hot Brown Bread EVERY SUNDAY MORNING.
ARLINGTON AVENUE, ARLINGTON, MASS. W. H. PATTEE.

Watches,
Clocks,
Jewelry,
Spectacles,
&c., &c.

Gold, Silver and Hair Jewelry made to order.

GEO. W. NICHOLS,

Town Hall Building,

LEXINGTON, MASS.

EXPRESS NOTICE
BOSTON & LOWELL R.R. CO.'S
EXPRESS.

Lexington, Arlington and Concord Branch, thankful for the liberal patronage given it in the past, publishes the following rules and regulations for the information of the public and those who wish to be accommodated by express.

FIRST.—Write all your orders plain and sign your name, as the company will not be responsible for verbal orders.

SECOND.—When leaving an order at the office 33 Court square, Boston, see that it is written in the book used for that purpose.

THIRD.—All orders should be left one hour before the train leaves.

FOURTH.—When ordering goods that must be paid for, send the money if the cost is over three dollars (\$3.00) and all expense paid by the messenger, must be paid him on the delivery of the goods.

FIFTH.—No goods will be collected or delivered by this express, south of Dover street in Boston, but must be forwarded by the South End Express.

SIXTH.—No goods will be received unless properly packed and plainly marked.

SEVENTH.—Anything received marked C. O. D., must be paid for on delivery.

EIGHTH.—Work for regular customers will be charged if they wish, but the bills are expected to be paid upon being presented, once a month.

Messengers leave Lexington for Boston, on 7.10 and 9.15 trains. Leave Arlington for Boston, on 8.50 and 1.15 trains.

Messengers leave Boston for Lexington 2.45 and 5.10 trains. Leave Boston for Arlington on 11.45, 2.45 and 5.10 trains.

Lexington, Dec. 23d, 1872.

Fire! Fire! Fire!
Pour on Water!

Isaac N. Damon,
INSURANCE AGENT,

The Middlesex Mutual Fire Insurance Co., at Concord, Mass.

The Holyoke Mutual Fire Insurance Co., at Salem, Mass.

The Merchant's & Farmer's Mutual Fire Insurance Co., at Worcester, Mass.

The Central Mutual Fire Insurance Co., at Worcester, Mass.

The Trader's & Mechanic's Insurance Co., at Lowell, Mass.

The Citizens' Mutual Fire Insurance Co., at Brighton, Mass.

The Quincy Mutual Fire Insurance Co., at Quincy, Mass.

Also several stock Companies, including THE WATERTOWN FIRE INSURANCE CO. OF WATERTOWN, N. Y., to which your particular attention is called.

Lexington, Dec. 21st, 1872.

FLOYD & JOHNSON,
REAL ESTATE AGENTS,

No. 3 Tremont Row, Cor. Howard St., Boston.

Take this course to inform their friends and the public generally, that they are prepared to buy and sell Farms, Suburban and City Property, to those in want of the same, and we feel confident that with the well selected stock on our files that we can please all, who may favor us with a call.

To those wishing to dispose of their Real Estate, let it be either farm or village property, we shall be most happy to receive a call from them, feeling that with our facilities for transacting business, we can give entire satisfaction.

\$5 to \$20 per day. Agents wanted! All classes of working people, of either sex, young or old, make more money at work for us in their spare moments, or all the time, than at anything else. Particulars free. Address U. S. Quinn & Co., Portland, Maine.

GEO. W. TAYLOR,
DEALER IN

Calf, Kip and Rubber
BOOTS and SHOES,

POST OFFICE BLOCK,

Lexington Mass.

Satisfaction guaranteed

PLUMBING

AND

GAS FITTING!

John F. O. Bryan,

Practical Plumber

AND

GAS FITTER,

Pleasant street, cor. Arlington Avenue.

Water and Gas introduced into stores, private dwellings and manufactories, in the most thorough manner.

All kinds of hot and cold water apparatus fitted up with neatness and despatch.

Pumps of every description furnished and repaired. Chandeliers, Pendants, and Brackets furnished and put up.

Orders respectfully solicited and all work warranted.

N. B.—Orders from out of town will be promptly attended to.

CHARLES F. BRADBURY

(Successor to Thomas Ramsdall.)

DEALER IN

BOOTS, SHOES & RUBBERS,

Cor. Arlington Ave. and Pleasant St.,

ARLINGTON, MASS.

Particular attention paid to all kinds of CUSTOM WORK: also repairing done with neatness and despatch.

Rowe's Quadrille Band,

LEXINGTON.

G. H. ROWE, Prompter.

G. W. WRIGHT, Agent

Music furnished (any number of pieces) for Parties, Sociables, Weddings &c., at REASONABLE PRICES and perfect SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. All orders addressed to the Agent at East Lexington, will meet with prompt attention.

JOHN FORD,
TAILOR,

Over Upham's Market, Arlington Ave.,

ARLINGTON, MASS.

Gents' Garments Cut and Made. Garments repaired and cleaned in the best manner. Second-hand clothing bought and sold.

PEARSON & TOBEY,

APOTHECARIES,

ARLINGTON AVE., Cor. MEDFORD ST.,

ARLINGTON, MASS.

A good assortment of PURE

DRUGS AND MEDICINES,

Also all reliable Patent Medicines, Fancy and Toilet Articles. Stationery, Cigars and Confectionery. Prescriptions compounded with great care from the purest materials.

Open on Sunday for the sale of medicines only, from 8 to 10.30 A. M., 1 to 2.30 and 5 to 8 P. M.

Agents for Dr. Kimball's Botanic Cough Ball.

Music Lessons.

MISS L. M. ALLEN is prepared to take Pupils in Music in Arlington and adjacent towns. Terms in Arlington \$10, and in other towns, \$12.

Address, Arlington, Mass.

Refers by permission to Rev. G. W. Cutter, Arlington, and Rev. W. A. Starr, No. Cambridge.

L. G. Babcock,
DRUGGIST

Apothecary,

(At the Post Office.)

Lexington, Mass.

Has a full and carefully selected stock of

Drugs, Medicines,
TOILET ARTICLES,

AND

Fancy Goods!

Also all the standard reliable

Patent Medicines,

Stationery, Confectionery, Choice Cigars and Tobacco, Pipes, Smokers' Articles, Toys, &c.

N. B.—Particular attention given to compounding Medicines.

S. W. HALEY,

Carriage Manufacturer

AND

Horse Shoer,

Arlington Ave., Opp. Medford St.,

ARLINGTON.

Custom Work and Repairing neatly and promptly executed. Horse Shoeing a specialty.

Having engaged the services of first-class

BOOT AND SHOE MAKERS.

We are prepared to do all kinds of

CUSTOM WORK & REPAIRING

with neatness and dispatch.

OVER STORE OF E. P. RICE, LEXINGTON.

P. Teare,

Merchant Tailor, of Woburn,

will be at the store of M. A. RICHARDSON & CO., Arlington, at 7 P. M., every Wednesday, for the purpose of receiving orders and taking measures for clothes.

WILL HAVE SAMPLES OF CLOTHES.

Fish Market.

Mr. E. KEEF will continue the business of the above firm at the old stand on

ARLINGTON AVENUE,

and will keep constantly on hand the best qualities of Fresh, Salt and Smoked Fish, and Oysters. All orders attended to with the dispatch which has always characterized this establishment.

Whitcher & Saville,

Main Street, Lexington.

GROCERIES,

Extra Teas, Coffees and Spices,

PAINTS, OILS,

AND PAINTERS' TOOLS,

Grain of all kinds, in quantity.

WILLIAM KIMBALL,

CARRIAGE MANUFACTURER

AND HORSE SHOER,

Arlington Avenue.

Opp. Whittemore's Hotel,

ARLINGTON.

All branches of repairing done with neatness and dispatch. Particular attention paid to Horse Shoeing.

L. PEIRCE & CO.,

Dealer in First-Class

GROCERIES,

Of every description.

Pure Java Coffee Ground on the Premises every day.

ARLINGTON AVE., Arlington.

Goods delivered in any part of the town or West Medford, free of expense.

MATTHEW ROWE,

Dealer in

FIRST-CLASS GROCERIES,

ARLINGTON AVENUE,

ARLINGTON, MASS.

creature, as soon as he had relighted the gas, had rushed into the kitchen, where Dinah had just settled herself to enjoy a quiet smoke, seized her around the waist and was now executing the wildest kind of a war-dance about the room; and as if to assure himself that his head was all right, he brought it down with full force upon her neck and shoulders.

"Out o' dat, you ill-conducted heathen nigger. What d'ye mean, I say, knockin' the breff out ob a decent woman dis a way? Stan' still, I tell yer. Dere goes my new pipel! Lem me go, I say. I'll holler for massa."

But Romeo's frenzy seemed rather to increase than diminish, and old Dinah never went over the kitchen floor as rapidly as she did that night.

Finding that scolding was of no use, almost breathless, and fairly frightened, she began to coax him.

"What's got you, honey? Tell ole Dinah. Hab de dog done bite you? Oh, sakes, my breff is gone," and she seized the edge of the dresser, as he whirled her past.

This brought him to a stand-still, and they stood looking at each other. At last he gasped:

"It is de last turn. They are all in there. The wives an' it is in my pantry."

"Last turn? wives? it is in the pantry? What is it?" asked the bewildered Dinah.

Romeo stooped forward and whispered something in her ear.

"Not in dis yer house," gasped the trembling woman.

"Yes, Dinah, and de Lord knows I've been witted for tree days."

Dinah sank upon the floor, and, in answer to a peremptory summons from his master, Romeo made his appearance in the dining-room.

"Fear nothing, Romeo," said Molly, taking compassion on him. "Your master has forgiven you for letting us in and turning off the gas."

"Yes, that is all right," said his master; "you could not have done otherwise. Now get some more plates."

"Yes, sah; thank you, sah, but—" and he made an imploring sign to Molly, which she understood.

"I believe I have left something of mine in his pantry, and as it may interfere with the performance of his duties, with your permission, I will remove it, and give you the history of it some other time."

The doctor was the most uncomfortable member of the whole party. He did not relish the glance of his wife's eye, and he suspected what was in little Mrs. Ransom's mind. So it was a great relief when Molly turned to him and said, in her winning way, that after supper they would consult together upon the critical case, that there might be no after heart-burnings.

Mr. Dennison made a neat speech after supper, acknowledging his miraculous cure. Then Dan called for a speech from Doctor McElroy, and Molly rose.

"Gentlemen and ladies: I do not belong to the ranks of the strong-minded, and I confess I am something of a coward; but where the welfare of those I love is at stake, I will dare anything. We have been obliged to meet artifice with artifice. We have much to forgive, and therefore, should be forgiven. Let us keep our secret and bury the hatchet. Let us be generous, for we have won the victory; and above all, let us be grateful that our host is cured of his 'Turns.'"

MARIE-ANTOINETTE CAREME, the great cook whom Lady Morgan mentions as among the celebrities she feels proud of having met, was certainly one of the most original and pleasing figures of the first half of the nineteenth century.

His biography has all the interest of a novel.

"My father," he tells us in his *Memoirs*, "was a poor lumper who had no less than fifteen children to feed. One evening he took me by the hand and brought me outside Paris, where we dined less frugally than usual. On our return, night had already set in, and my father seemed to be in very low spirits. I asked him several questions without receiving an answer, and he walked so fast that I had some difficulty in keeping up with him. All of a sudden he stopped in the middle of a crowded thoroughfare, and said: 'You know, my boy, how wretched we are at home; too often,

there is not bread enough for us all. You are a clever lad and sure to make your way in the world. Go, my child, to-morrow perhaps you may find a more comfortable shelter. Farewell, and God bless you!' He then slipped a few cents into my hand, kissed me and ran away. I believe he was weeping.

"I was about eleven years old when this occurred. I counted the money my father had given me—fifteen cents! My parents had never been unkind to me, so I thought they must have acted for the best; but it was very cold, and I felt rather frightened. I walked along way without knowing where I was going, but I did not cry. At last I sat down on the steps at the door of a little tavern of the faubourg St. Honore.

"When the tavern keeper, whose name was Ladureau, came out to put up the shutters, he found me there shivering with cold. I told him my story. After having examined my features, he appeared convinced that I was no liar, for he said that I might sleep in the kitchen, as he wanted a boy to help him. At eleven years of age, in the space of two hours, I had thus gained a social position I was something—I was head waiter—and head scullion into the bargain, for Ladureau had no other attendant."

Careme spent several years studying the cookery of the ancient Romans; the result of his learned researches proved to him that the dishes which appeared upon the tables even of such gastronomers as Lucullus, Pompey or Caesar, were thoroughly bad and atrociously difficult to digest. He had learned Latin in order to consult the writings of Palladius, Apicius, and other ancient authors.

His principal works are: "The Picturesque Pastry-cook," "The French Maitre d' Hotel," "The Art of Cookery in the Nineteenth Century," "Ancient and Modern Cookery Compared." You must not imagine that he writes like a cook. On the contrary he has a most elegant and sometimes an original style. One reads with interest his "Fragments of Gastronomical History," "The Table of Cambacers," "The Emperor Napoleon at Breakfast," and many other of his contributions to the *Revue de Paris*.

One day our illustrious cook was sauntering along the quays of Paris, dreaming of some new dish, when his attention was suddenly arrested by a middle-aged woman who was crying bitterly at the door of a wine shop.

Careme kindly asked: "What is the matter, my good woman? Can I do anything for you?"

"Thank you, sir; but if I cry it is because no one can help me. My husband, who is a first-rate silversmith, spends all he earns in that abominable tavern, and leaves me to starve with our two children."

"He is too fond of good fare, then?"

"Ah, if he were half as fond of his work, we'd be well off."

"Yet, although he is a man of taste, you condemn him to eat boiled beef every day."

"Eh? Who told you that?" asked the woman with a look of surprise.

"I guess it," replied Careme. "No man cares to go abroad for a bad meal if his wife can cook a good one. If you will listen to me, I'll teach you how to keep your husband at home. Where do you live?"

"Number 33 Royal street."

"And what is your husband's name?"

"Wagner."

"Very well. Take these five francs and purchase some charcoal. To-morrow morning you'll receive a basket full of provisions; lay them out in the kitchen and wait till I call, for I intend to do the cooking myself."

The next morning Careme paid the promised visit and found the workman in bed.

"Sir," said he. "I have heard of your talent as a chae-er, and I have brought you this silver cup which requires to be repaired. Though the task is a difficult one, I know that I can safely entrust it to such an artist as you, and you may charge your own price. By the bye, I have invited myself to breakfast, as I want to show you that I, too, am an artist. Now, Madame Wagner, lead me into the kitchen, and bring me an apron. We'll begin with the woodcock."

Careme distinguished himself, and the meal was worthy of Talleyrand himself. Wagner, who was a real gourmet, had never tasted such fare.

"Why," he exclaimed, "Careme himself could not prepare a woodcock in better style!"

"Thank you for the compliment; I am Careme," replied the cook. "With your permission, I'll come back this day week, and if my cup is ready, we'll try a wild duck. In the meantime, your wife, to whom I have already given some good advice, will pay more attention to her culinary duties."

Careme, at his next visit, found his tankard admirably repaired. The wild duck was eaten and found more delicious than the woodcock. Madame Wagner quickly learned how to prepare more tempting food than boiled beef; her husband ceased to visit his favorite tavern, and became an artist, instead of remaining a common workman.

One morning Careme received a box which contained a silver woodcock, admirably carved and bearing in its bill a small cup with the following inscription:

"To Careme, from a friend who was saved by good cookery."—*Zell's Magazine*.

The Boston Herald, FOR 1873,

A MORNING AND EVENING NEWSPAPER,

FIVE EDITIONS EVERY DAY.

THE BEST TWO-CENT PAPER IN THE COUNTRY.

Average Daily Circulation over

95,000.

The Boston Herald

Enters upon the New Year with increased means for giving all the news to its readers. It has practically resumed specie payments, as it gives twice as much reading matter now for two cents as it gave before the war for one, when it was acknowledged to be the best penny paper in the country.

The HERALD has facilities for obtaining news unsurpassed by any newspaper in the country. It has a large force of local reporters and special correspondents at all points of interest—in Washington, New York, and at the centers of population, everywhere in New England. These correspondents are instructed to forward all the news as promptly as possible, using the telegraph whenever time in publication can be gained thereby. Indeed the telegraph has almost wholly superseded the mails in the correspondence of the HERALD from all points in telegraphic communication with Boston.

The HERALD has one great advantage over most newspapers which come in competition with it. It is

ENTIRELY INDEPENDENT

in Politics, and can afford to state the truth about all political events. It belongs to no party or clique; its reports are candid to all parties; and its editorial tone is liberal and tolerant, condemning the wrong and commending the right, wherever they are found.

The HERALD is the only paper in New England that has

Its Forms Stereotyped,

and it is now printed from triplicate plates, on two of Hoe's six cylinder Lightning Presses—each printing fifteen thousand impressions an hour; and a Bullock Press, which prints fifteen thousand papers on both sides, or

Thirty Thousand Impressions an Hour.

These facilities enable the publishers to hold back the forms to the last moment and give their patrons

The Very Latest News,

The HERALD gives its readers more reading matter for two cents than any other newspaper in the country, and it serves the news up in a spicy and spirited form, for which it has long been celebrated.

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will find the HERALD one of the most valuable mediums for their use. Its daily circulation is over

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The HERALD is one of the largest two-cent papers in the country, and as the plates are made fresh from new and unworn type, while paper of good weight and quality is used, the impression is always clear and legible.

The price of the HERALD is two cents per copy, and it is sold to agents at \$1.25 per hundred.

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The Sunday Herald

is of the same size as the Daily, containing a great variety of reading matter, including Voluntemous Special News Dispatches and Markets, by Telegraph, full reports of Local News, Editorials, Timely Musical and Dramatic Criticisms, a Business Review of the Week, the best Review of the Boston Stock Market published, &c., &c. It has a circulation of over

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Joseph W. Ronco,
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Particular attention given to Cutting, Curling and Shampooing Ladies' and Children's Hair.

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DEALER IN

Stoves of all Kinds,

Including the Magee Portable Range.

Zinc, Sheet Lead, Lead Pipe, Galvanized Iron Pipe, Hardware, Dry's Clothes Washer, Clothes Wringers,

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Special attention paid to manufacturing Milk Cans of all sizes.

MAIN STREET, EAST LEXINGTON

And near the Centre Depot, Main Street.

FURNITURE
UPHOLSTERED

In any style or material. Also Repaired, Painted, Varished or Polished.

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MADE OR REPAIRED,

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All work done with neatness and despatch.

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Watches, Spectacles,

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Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry, of every description, Repaired in the best manner.

U SHOULD read the UNION SPY, a Military

Drama, published by John L. Parker, Woburn Mass., sent prepaid to any address for 15 cents.

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And authorized to receive subscriptions and advertisements, Orders for Job Printing promptly attended to.

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Auctioneers & Real Estate Agents

RESIDENCE, BEDFORD, MASS.

Offices at C. A. Corey's Store, Bedford, and B. C. Whitaker's Store, Lexington Center, where all orders that are left will be promptly attended to.

References many of the prominent men in adjoining towns. Thankful for past favors, they solicit the generous patronage that has been given heretofore.

HENRY LOCKE,

DEALER IN

PROVISIONS,

Vegetables, Fruits, &c.

Pleasant St., Arlington, Mass.

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Vinegar Bitters are not a vile Fancy Drink, made of Poor Rum, Whisky, Proof Spirit and Refuse Liquors, doctored, spiced, and sweetened to please the taste, called "Tonic," and "Appetizer," "Restorers," &c., that lead the sufferer on to weakness and ruin, but are a true Medicine, made from the native roots and herbs of California, free from all Alcoholic Stimulants. They are the Great Blood Purifier and a Life-giving Principle, a Perfect Renovator and Invigorator of the System, carrying off all poisonous matter and restoring the blood to healthy condition, enriching it, removing and invigorating both mind and body. They are easy of administration, prompt in their action, certain in their results, safe and reliable in all forms of disease.

No Person can take these Bitters according to directions, and remain long unwell, provided their bones are not destroyed by mineral poison or other means, and the vital organs wasted beyond the point of repair.

Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Coughs, Tightness of the Chest, Dizziness, Sour Eructations of the Stomach, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Bilious Attacks, Palpitation of the Heart, Inflammation of the Lungs, Pain in the region of the Kidneys, and a hundred other painful symptoms, are the offspring of Dyspepsia. In these complaints it has no equal, and one bottle will prove a better guarantee of its merits than a lengthy advertisement.

For Female Complaints, in young or old, married or single, at the dawn of womanhood, or the turn of life, these Tonic Bitters display so decided an influence that a marked improvement is soon perceptible.

For Inflammatory and Chronic Rheumatism and Gout, Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Bilious, Remittent and Intermittent Fevers, Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys and Bladder, these Bitters have been most successful. Such Diseases are caused by Vitiated Blood, which is generally produced by derangement of the Digestive Organs. They are a Gentle Purgative, as well as a Tonic, possessing also the peculiar merit of acting as a powerful agent in relieving Congestion or Inflammation of the Liver and Visceral Organs and in Bilious Diseases.

For Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Tetter, Salt-Rheum, Itches, Spots, Pimples, Pustules, Boils, Carbuncles, Ring-worms, Scald-head, Sore Eyes, Erysipelas, Itch, Scour, Discolorations of the Skin, Humors and Diseases of the Skin, of whatever name or nature, are literally dug up and carried out of the system in a short time by the use of these Bitters. One bottle in such cases will convince the most incredulous of their curative effects.

Cleanse the Vitiated Blood whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in Pimples, Eruptions, or Sores; cleanse it when you find it obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it when it is foul; your feelings will tell you when. Keep the blood pure, and the health of the system will follow.

Grateful Thousands proclaim VINEGAR BITTERS the most wonderful invigorant that ever sustained the sinking system.

Flat Ulcers, and other Worms, lurking in the system of so many thousands, are effectually destroyed and removed. Says a distinguished physiologist: "There is scarcely an individual on the face of the earth whose body is exempt from the presence of worms. It is not upon the healthy elements of the body that worms feed, but upon the diseased humors and slimy deposits that breed these living monsters of disease. No system of medicine, no vermifuges, no anthelmintics, will free the system from worms like these Bitters."

Mechanical Diseases.—Persons engaged in Paints and Minerals, such as Plumbers, Type-setters, Gold-beaters, and Miners, as they advance in life, are subject to nervous diseases of the head and brain. Against this, take a dose of WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS twice a week.

Bilious, Remittent, and Intermittent Fevers, which are so prevalent in the valleys of our great rivers throughout the United States, especially those of the Mississippi, Ohio, Missouri, Illinois, Tennessee, Cumberland, Arkansas, Red, Colorado, Brazos, Rio Grande, Pearl, Alabama, Mobile, Savannah, Roanoke, James, and many others, with their vast tributaries, throughout our entire country during the Summer and Autumn, and remarkably so during seasons of unusual heat and dryness, are invariably accompanied by extensive derangements of the stomach and liver, and other abdominal viscera. In their treatment, a purgative, exerting a powerful influence upon these organs, is essentially necessary. The Bitters is no cathartic for the purpose equal to Dr. J. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS, as they will speedily remove the dark-colored viscid matter with which the bowels are loaded, at the same time stimulating the secretions of the liver, and generally restoring the healthy functions of the digestive organs.

Scrofula, or King's Evil, White Swellings, Ulcers, Erysipelas, Swelled Glands, Scrophulous Affections, Old Sores, Eruptions of the Skin, Sore Eyes, etc., etc. In these as in all other constitutional diseases, WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS have shown their great curative powers in the most obstinate and intractable cases.

Dr. Walker's California Vinegar Bitters act on all these cases in a similar manner. By purifying the blood they remove the cause, and by removing the cause the effects of the inflammation (the tubercular deposits) the affected parts receive health, and a permanent cure is effected.

The properties of Dr. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS are Aperient, Diaphoretic, Carmine, Nutritious, Laxative, Diuretic, Sedative, Counter-irritant, Sudorific, Alterative, and Anti-Bilious. The Aperient and mild Laxative properties of Dr. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS are the best safeguard in cases of eruptions and malignant fevers. Their balsamic, healing, and soothing properties protect the humors of the system. Their Sedative properties allay pain in the nervous system, stomach, and bowels, from inflammation, wind, colic, cramps, etc.

Their Counter-irritant influence extends throughout the system. Their Anti-Bilious properties stimulate the liver, in the secretion of bile, and its discharges through the biliary ducts, and are superior to all remedial agents for the cure of Bilious Fever, Fever and Ague, etc.

Fortify the body against disease by purifying all its fluids with VINEGAR BITTERS. No epidemic can take hold of a system thus fortified.

Directions.—Take of the Bitters on going to bed at night from half to one and one-half wine glasses. Eat good nourishing food, such as beef-steak, mutton chop, venison, roast beef, and vegetables, and take out-door exercise. They are composed of purely vegetable ingredients, and contain no spirit.

R. H. McDONALD & CO.,
Druggists and Gen. Agents, San Francisco, Cal., &
cor. of Washington and California Sts., N.Y.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS & DEALERS.

M. D. MANN'S
Arlington & Boston Express.

OFFICES—Corner Charlestown and Main streets, Arlington. No. 3 Washington Street, and No. 36 Court Square, Boston.

Goods and Packages, Furniture and Merchandise of all kinds, carefully handled and moved.

Goods of all kinds forwarded by any other Express line to all parts of the country. Orders solicited.